# The Pocahontas Times.

*Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.* *"Montani Semper Liberi!"* *Andrew Price, Editor*

VOL. 16, NO. 13 MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 20, 1898. $1.00 PER YEAR



WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND $16.95 IS ALL IT COSTS.

This 5-piece parlor suit, rocker, divan, and side, and two parlor chairs, highly polished frame, finished mahogany, and upholstered in velour or tapestry, large size, and suitable for any parlor in the land, $15.95 and freight paid anywhere on earth. Such a bargain as this you have never seen before, no matter how old you are, and never will again, probably, if you reach the century mark, which we hope you will. Further comment is unnecessary, except that if you want to know of thousands of such bargains, send for our 850-page furniture catalogue, and if you want carpet at such prices as most dealers can't buy for, send for our ten-color lithographed carpet catalogue, and what you'll find in these two books will teach you something that you'll want to remember for many a day. Remember Christmas is coming, and sensible people give sensible gifts which sensible people most appreciate. Something for the home is the best of all presents, and our catalogues will suggest to you what is best. Address (exactly as below)

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Dept. 900. BALTIMORE, MD.



LAW ARDS.

*N. C. McNEIL,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

*L. M. McCLINTIC,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

*H. S. RUCKER,*
*ATT'Y. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC*
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

*J. W. ARBUCKLE,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

*W. A. BRATTON,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

*ANDREW PRICE,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

*SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.*
*LAWYER,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

*H. M. LOCKRIDGE,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON FRED. WALLACE
*PRESTON & WALLACE,*
*Attorneys at Law,*
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

*J. W. YEAGER,*
*ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections

*T. S. McNEEL,*
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

PHYSICIANS' ARDS.

*DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,*
*DENTIST,*
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

*DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,*
*RESIDENT DENTIST,*
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

*J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,*
*PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,*
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.


## THE PAST.

The debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The Furies laid,
The plague is stayed,
All fortunes made.
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is Death forevermore.
Nor haughty Hope, nor swart Chagrin,
Nor murdering Hate can enter in.
All is now secure and fast,
Not the gods can shake the past,
Flies to the adamantine door,
Bolted down forevermore.
None can enter there;
No thief so politic,
No Satan with his royal trick,
Steal in by window, chink, or hole,
To bind or unbind, add what lacked,
Insert a leaf or forge a name,
New-face or finish what is packed,
Alter or mend eternal Fact.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## County Sketches.

### IX.

### THE CANDIDATE.

The county was on the eve of a general election, and the campaign was proving to be one of the most momentous which had ever taken place in the county. It was before the days of the present voting system, which hampers the manipulator of elections with its many cumberous requirements. Then if a vote was purchased the voter could be marched up to the polls and made to deliver the goods in the presence of his customer, or the ballot box could be sweetened with a handful of ballots specially prepared.

When the disability was removed from those who had given aid and comfort to the Rebellion, the old Confederates immediately took the local government in their own hands, and, without evincing the slightest gratitude to the party which had given them back their votes, voted uniformly their own way. They were so largely in the majority that they did not take the trouble to nominate by party elections their county officials, but settled it all at the general election.

The interest centered this year in the election of a representative in the House of Delegates. For years the county had been agitated over the question of dividing the territory and forming two counties, and many were the disputes that grew out of it. The differences occasioned by the civil war were hardly greater. While his locality did not always influence the voter, the strength of the element for division was to be found in the two extremities of the long, narrow county, and that of the people who were for union in the central settlements clustering around the court-house. Whether the matter would be agitated in the next House depended upon the election of Colonel Wood, who was for disruption first, last, and forever His opponent was a young lawyer from the county-seat named Senhouse, who would see that the county was preserved in its integrity, and combat any movement that might be originated.

There were a number of voters in all sections of the county who were neutral on the division question,—fully enough to control the election,—and both parties were making strenuous efforts to secure this vote.

The fall term of the Circuit Court had just ended, and both candidates had been very active for the harvest time was approaching. Senhouse had made a speech from the judge's stand in the court-room, and Colonel Wood had tried to answer him, but had had a bad fit of stage fright and had only uttered a few disjointed sentences, so it might be said that the honors of the joint debate lay with the lawyer.

The Colonel had just come in from the county-seat and had pulled off his boots and was rubbing his shins before the big wood fire which blazed on the hearth. A visitor was ushered into the room, a big, breezy, good natured colonel himself, who was always ready to vote for the last man who had asked him. He generally promised every candidate, but the way he voted had been classed as one of the great mysteries of the world, and he was no more to be relied on than a woman's whim.

"How 's your chances, Tom?" he asked.

"It 's a walk-over, Mike. The best men in the county—men I can rely on—have solemnly promised that they are not going to go back on an old comrade for a East Virginia lawyer. Some of his friends are making their brags, but the ground 's shaking beneath their feet, and they know it. The Bensons, and Hartfords, and Pools and McKeggars, and Dikes, and Braytons have all told them they are going to vote for me, and they know they are best. They are threatening to spring a mine on me, but I have my friends posted. You did me a dirty trick to make me get up there and try to make a speech You knew I never could even pray in public. If you do n't pull Lyman's Cross Roads up for fifty majority for me you and me dissolves partnership. I am going in to the county-seat with five hundred majority, and if that cowardly set do n't stuff a ballot-box or two on me I am elected."

For more than an hour the Colonel lay down to his friend reasons for his belief in his election that could not be disputed, and then the constituent took his leave.

The politician then turned to a man who had remained quiet during the discussion. He was a country doctor, deeply interested in local politics, and the confidential adviser of Colonel Wood in the fight on hand. This was Dr Graham, a son-in-law of the Colonel. who made his home with him.

"Do you think Mike Irwin 's for me, Dock?"

"It would be safer not to count on him. He has been thick with Senhouse this whole court."

"Well, what do you think of the outlook?"

"It 's bad. There is n't a sign now in our favor."

"But what about the report that Senhouse is stingy with his liquor?"

"The people forget that now that he 's letting it run like water. Besides, they think more of a drink from a stingy man."

"But what about that report that he sends money to East Virginia every month to that woman?"

"As far as I can judge, Colonel, the sentiment of the county seems to be that if he provides for the child that is all that can be expected of him."

"But, Dock, what about his shaving a claim when he had the money in his pocket?"

"They come back at you, Colonel, and say you voted against the school levy."

"They do, do they! By ganny, they can't prove it!"

"They say, too, that you said the Baptists havn't any more religion than the Catholics."

"Well they aint, Dock, but I never said it."

"They say you stole a horse during the war, and that you drive off people's sheep when you move your stock."

"All dog-gone lies, Dock! Say, I never run for office before and I never will agin, and it aint worth fighting for, but, by ganny, I 'd give my Rock Creek place to down that fellow, if it would do any good. Say, Dock?"

"Well."

"I believe he 's going to beat the hind sights off of me!"

"I would n't be a bit surprised."

"Now see here, do n't you get to talking that way or I will throw up the sponge. Can't you suggest something?"

"Yes."

"Well man alive spit it out! The election is only a week off."

"Give me $25 for campaign purposes."

"What do you want with it?"

"I had better not tell you. No, I am not going to buy votes. That can't be done out here among these mountaineers, or anywhere with $25, but I have got a scheme that may work. You are gone up without it, and it may elect you."

The campaign continued for several days along the same lines as before. The good old Colonel lost his temper now and then as he heard of the many reports that were being circulated concerning him. Little transactions and small sins, which he had long forgotton, came up to find him out, and it was getting to be a serious time. He left for the other end of the county. Senhouse hired a horse and came into his enemy's territory to end up the campaign. He was billed to speak one evening after dark at the Willow Run school-house. It had rained all day and the river was high. The people gathered and dispersed without his turning up.

The next day his horse was discovered near the school-house with a stirrup flung over the saddle. A hat was found a mile down stream and recognized as belonging to Senhouse. The poor man was evidently drowned. The people knew the signs to well. Numerous incidents were recalled where the lone rider was swept down the stream to his death, while the horse struggled out alone. Searching parties were organized, but the body was not found.

The news spread the length and breadth of the county in one day. It went from mouth to mouth. The Colonel made a record ride to the court-house and declared that he could not continue in the race. His friends swarmed around him, and most of the other side as well, and would not hear to his sacrificing himself. They all declared they must have a candidate or the Republican party would send a Representative. A few refused to vote for the Colonel, but with everything he had about two-thirds of the vote.

Just about sunset on the day of election Senhouse came galloping into the county-seat, covered with mud and crying fraud, and threatening eternal woe to the Colonel and all his cohorts. The tale he had to tell was terrible, but the worst of it was that he could get no one to listen without smiling.

Old Dave Jenkins, the man whom Colonel wood had delivered from the hands of the Swamp Dragons during the war, and his two boys, had set on him the evening he disappeared, and pulled him off his horse, and forced him to go into the heart of Bear Mountains, and had there put him in a bear-pen and had kept him for two nights. They had given him plenty to eat and abundance of white moonshine whiskey to drink which he had taken in considerable quantities to keep out the damp.

He would have them suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The oldest lawyer of the town made him mad by asking him whether it was grand or petit larceny to steal a candidate for the legislature. The crowd thought it was petit larceny.

Senhouse was loud in his denunciation of Colonel Wood, and was open in accusing him of being at the bottom of the whole thing. He was puzzling his brain as to how to classify the offense which had been committed, and had decided he had action for false imprisonment against a man who was not worth a cent, when a friend came in to tell him that the Colonel was in town with pistols for two and coffin for one, and that Senhouse would do well to either retract any charges of complicity he had made against the Colonel, or establish a State line between him and his danger.

Senhouse decided to make a long visit to his old home, and did not return until he had written and asked the Colonel's permission. No proceedings were ever had in court over the matter, for the whole affair suited the temper of the people. Even the men who searched the river bank for the body were glad to see a tragedy turned into comedy, and the ripple of laughter that ran through the county, no doubt did more to bring it together than anything else. Colonel Wood emphatically swore that he represented both elements, and that they should forever drop the question of separating, and the matter has rested to this day.

## THE MILK-WHITE HIND.

Col John T. McGraw's speech of acceptance delivered at the convention that nominated him has been pronounced of high literary merit, something that can be said of very few political addresses. In that speech in speaking of the Democratic party, he burst into song, quoting, "The snow-white hind so often doomed to death is fated not to die."

This the ubiquitous country newspaper rendered "The snow-white *hand*," and so destroyed its usefulness.

Col. McGraw took his thought from Dryden's poem, the "Hind and the Panther"; the hind represents the church. The reader will see in this selection that the speaker took the thought rathar than the words:

"A milk-white Hind immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger; for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, tho' fated not to die."

## BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

### Mrs Diana Saunders, a Pioneer on Dry Creek.

Soon after the war of 1812 there came to our county one of the most interesting and eccentric personalities that our older people remember anything about, Mrs Diana Saunders, late of Rocky Point, on Dry Branch of Swago. She was the widowed mother of four children, Anna, Eleanor, Cyrus, and Isaac. Her cabin home was built near the head springs of Dry Branch, almost in speaking distance of the Rocky Point school house, and just below.

Cyrus Saunders lived in Madison County, Virginia, and was a merchant and a citizen of prominence.

Isaac Saunders, upon attaining his majority, went to Fayette County, married, and settled on the banks of New River not far from Hawk's Nest. His sister Anna made her home with him for a time, and then became Mrs Ewing of Fayette County.

Eleanor Saunders was married to the late Barnett Adkisson, from Madison County, and lived on Spruce Flat at the head of Swago, on the place now occupied by James Adkisson where he has just built a nice new house. In reference to her children we have in hand the following particulars, communicated by John Adkisson.

Catherine first became Mrs William Tyler, from Madison County, and then Mrs Jacob Weiford, near Mill Point.

William Adkisson, whose wife was Martha Jones, from Madison county, lived on Spruce Flat.

Abel Adkisson, whose first wife was Susannah, daughter of the late Daniel Adkisson, and whose second wife was Frances Hughes, lived on the head of Swago. where his son Oliver Blake now lives.

Daniel Adkisson married Mary Holmes, of Madison County, and settled on Spruce Flats.

Isaac Adkisson married Martha Young and lived at the "Young Place" on Rich Mountain.

Frances Adkisson first became Mrs James W. Silvey, and lived at the head of Swago. She was afterwards married to the late Joseph Rodgers and lives near Mill Point.

Nancy married Benjamin Taylor, of Orange County, and settled on New River. He was a hatter by occupation.

Martha Jane Adkisson married James Arthur, of Webster County, and went to the western part of our State.

Lucinda Adkisson, the youngest of Eleanor's daughers, was married to Rev Joshua Buckley and lived at Buckeye. Some reference to her family is made in other sketches.

But few persons have left their impress upon the writer's memory more vividly than Mrs Dianna Saunders. As to her personality she had been formed in "nature's choicest mould," and in her youth must have been the peer of Edgar Allen Poe's "rare and radiant maiden." The compiler recalls one or more of her granddaughters as among the most perfect models of feminine form and feature that he has ever observed anywhere.

From the way Granny Saunders used to speak of Jim Madison, Jim Monroe and Tom Jefferson, and wonder how such finicky, limber-jointed, red headed, fiddling and dancing customers had ever been made Presidents of our United States, it is inferred that her blooming youth must have been passed in Orange and Albermarle atmosphere.

The writer was frequently told by his lamented mother that when he was an infant about six weeks old, he had the whooping cough so severely that he was given up to die. As a last resort Granny Saunders was sent for in all haste, and when she arrived the baby was to all appearances cold and dead. The doctress ordered a tub of hot water plouted the baby in, soaked him awhile and gave him a good rubbing. She then called for a razor and a goose quill, scarified the little body between the shoulders, inserted the quill and gave him a blowing up until the infant began to blow for himself. He came to and recovered and has been blowing nearly seventy years on his own hook, figuratively speaking.

There have been times in his life when the writer has felt rather regretfully that Granny Saunders managed her case so well as to keep him from dying at that safe time. Now, however, he feels thankful to God for what she was enabled to do. He deems it a most wonderful privilege to have lived the life the Supreme Being has alotted him. Though this life has been humble and obscure, full of mistakes and blunders, still blessed be His Holy Name for life and its wonderful hopes for the hereafter, when the Lord comes.

It would be hard to exaggerate the useful services Mrs Saunders performed for a half-century or more when there was no resident physician nearer than the Warm Springs or Lewisburg. For years and years her time was virtually spent in the homes of the suffering. Stormy nights, swollen, raging mountain streams and torrents were braved with heroic fortitude to be with the sick in their distress.

While it is true the most of her services were rendered in scenes over which the thickest vail of privacy should be ever drawn, yet it may not be out of good form to say that she never lost her self-possession. The patient might be to all appearance in extremis, with less than a step between her and death in the throes of maternity. All present convulsed with grief and apprehension except Granny Saunders. She would dip her pipe in the ashes, ejaculate prayers along with the puffs of smoke, and sit down by the patient: "Hold on, old girl, we can't spare you yet. Pick your flint and try it again. I have been praying for you, and the good Lord Almighty never goes back on his word to old Granny Saunders."

In the course of an hour or so, Granny Saunders looks up the "old man." When she finds him she opens her arms as if to embrace him. He draws back, exclaiming, "O Granny, don't do that!" "Well, you, ugly beast, if you won't let me kiss you, come in and see what a pretty thing the good Lord has sent your old woman. How it could be so pretty no one could tell without seeing the mother!"

One of the most praise worthy traits in the character of this grand woman was her abhorence of "doggity doings," as she would tersely put it. She was greatly worried by the way a young man seemed to be treating a girl in whom she felt a motherly interest. Appearances seemed to indicate that the "young rascal of a puppy" had plucked the rose, but left the thorn with her heart-broken young friend or in plain terms had fooled her upon a promise of marriage.

One day, it seems, the young man met her in the road, and he said, "Granny Saunders, if you do n't quit talking about me as I hear of you doing, I shall have to sue you for slander."

The old lady cleared her decks for action, rolled up her sleeves and shook her fist under his nose: "I am ready for you here, at the court house, or anywhere else outside the bottomless pit. There is where pups like you are bound to go, so I will not promise to have anything to do with you there. I cannot blame a Beaver Dam evening wolf for coming over here and stealing a lamb for it is built that way and can't know any better, but when I see a customer like you, with good looks, good natural sense and belonging to a decent family, guilty of things the Old Boy himself would be above doing, I must tell you, I do say I must tell you, the dirtiest, yellow, egg-sucking dog in all Pocahontas is an angel to what you are. If the Old Boy knows you as I do, and thinks of you as I do, he will put you on one of his hottest gridirons all by yourself as not fit company for any other lost soul."

Granny's words seemed to have been "winged ones." The suit was never brought for slander, he mended his ways, looked through his Bible and found a verse in Paul's writings that convinced him that the easiest way out of the tangle would be to marry as he had promised.

If there could have been kept a faithful record of all her doings and sayings it would have made a book by itself, nothing like it in extant literature. She had an entertaining story of the time the troops were on the march to Yorktown and about Washington stopping at the yard fence and calling for water. Her mother sent her out with bucket and gourd, fresh from the well, and watered the thirsty General and his staff attendants. "They took their water and I tell you they all drank a few, and then the grandees rode away with high heads and stiff upper lips, looking at me as if they thought that it was about all that I was fit for was to handle the water-gourd for their pleasure."

She had many stories that thrilled the little folks. One was about about a child being born in 1775 that only lived a few minutes. Before it died it said just as plainly as could be spoken by a grown person:

"A warm winter and a cold spring,
A bloody summer and a new king."

One of her most popular lullabys had this refrain:

"Sleep all day and cry all night,
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill."

Persons yet living remember the reply she once made to the salutation, "Well, Granny, how are you today?"

"Poorly enough, to tell you the truth. O dear me, I am just here and that is all. I have pains in the top of my head, pains in my face, pains in my ears, at the back of my neck, between my shoulders, in my arms in my breast, in my body, in my knees, in my ankles, in both of my big toes." Then pausing a moment, as if trying to think of more places for pains, she would raise her eyes toward heaven and devoutly exclaim, 'But praise the Lord, bless His Holy Name, I have good appetite."

Late in the fifties or early in the sixties she went to make her home with Isaac and Anna, on New River, where she died fifteen or twenty years ago, aged about a hundred and three years as most of her acquintances believe. Dear old friend the Creator has not sent many like her to our part of the world as yet.

W. T. P.

Some one on listening to the melancholy notes of the caliope that wailed so plaintively while the whirls were going on with such dizzy celerity, a mile in five minutes, observed that he never had an idea of the kind of tunes the proverbial cow died on until that time.

The Washington Post says Colonel John T. McGraw will in all probability defeat Dayton in the 2d District.